

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 51—No. 10.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1873.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
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**CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY, SATURDAY,**  
March 8, at Three.—The NINETEENTH SATURDAY CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Symphony, No. 7 (Beethoven); Overture "Don Juan" (Mozart); Adagio and Rondo for Violin (Vieuxtemps); Overture, "Lustspiel," first time of performance (Rietz). Mme. Otto Albrecht (her first appearance) and Madame Patey; solo violin, Mlle. Friese. Full orchestra. Conductor—Mr. MANN.—Numbered stalls, Half-a-Crown. Admission, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, MARCH 12.

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.**  
—The last Evening Concert on WEDNESDAY NEXT, March 12, at 8 o'clock. Artists: Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Jenny Pratt, and Madame Patey; Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Henry Guy, and Mr. Santley. The London Orpheus Quartett. Piano-forte—Mr. Sidney Smith. Conductors—Mr. J. L. Hatton and Mr. Lutz. Stalls, 6s.; Family Tickets (for four), 21s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets of Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell and Co., New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, Cheapside; Hay's, Royal Exchange; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Sixty-First Season, 1873.—Conductor, Mr. W. G. CHESA. The Eight Concerts of the Philharmonic Society, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Evenings, March 19 and April 2, and on MONDAY Evenings, April 23, May 12, May 26, June 9, June 23, and July 7, at Eight o'clock. The Analytical and Historical Programmes will be written by Mr. G. A. Macfarren. Stalls, Three Guineas; Reserved Balcony, Two Guineas; Unreserved, One Guinea. Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co.'s, 84, New Bond Street; Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; Lamborn Cock's; Chappell's; Mitchell's Royal Library; E. Olivier's, Keith, Prowse, and A. Hays'. By Order, STANLEY LUCAS, Sec.

**MRS. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS' EVENING**  
CONCERT, MONDAY, March 10, QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, Eight o'clock. Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Edith and Gertrude Holman Andrews, and Madame Patey; Mr. W. H. Cummings and Mr. Patey; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Blagrove; and Mr. John Thomas, Harpist to the Queen. Conductors—Signor Pinotti, Mr. Land, Mons. Blumenthal, and Mrs. J. Holman Andrews. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 7s.; or four, for One Guinea, Unreserved. Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; the usual Agents; at the Queen's Concert Rooms; and of Mrs. J. Holman Andrews, 308, Regent Street, W.

**SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley**  
Street, Cavendish Square, W.—President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT; Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERT. SEVENTH SEASON, 1873.—The Concerts of this Society will be held as follows, viz.:—

38th Concert, Wednesday, April 2nd.  
39th do, Wednesday, May 1st.  
40th do, Wednesday, June 15th.

Full Prospectus is now ready, and may be obtained of Messrs. D. DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, and Messrs. CHAMBER, WOOD & Co., 201, Regent Street. H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec.

**MONTHLY POPULAR CONCERTS.—BRIXTON.**—Director—Mr. RIDLEY PRENTICE. Last of the Season, TUESDAY Evening, March 11th. Messrs. Holmes, Folkes, Burnett, Pezze, Reynolds, Ridley Prentice, Minson, Mrs. HALE, Mr. Hilton. Quintet, Macfarren; Sonata, Weber; Violin Solos, Holmes, Gluck; Sonata (violinello and piano-forte), Marcello; Quartet, Haydn. Tickets, 5s., 2s. 6d., 1s., of Mr. Ridley Prentice, 30a, Wimpole Street, W.

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"ALICE."

**MISS CLARA COX, R.A.M.,** will perform Ascher's "ALICE," at her Evening Concert, Wednesday, March 12.

"WAKE, LINDA, WAKE."

**MR. C. BELL** will sing Wellington Guernsey's favourite Serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," on Wednesday, March 12, at Miss C. Cox's Concert.

"THE NAIADES."

**MISS ELCHO** will sing Wellington Guernsey's popular Song of the "THE NAIADES," and Ascher's new Romance, "CLARA," at Wornum's Concert-Room, March 12.

"CHE VUOI DA ME."

**MISS GERTRUDE HOLMAN ANDREWS** will sing Balfe's Song, "CHE VUOI DA ME" ("SI tu Savais"), at the Hanover Square Rooms, on March 10.

"MARY DEAR."

**MR. ALFRED HEMMING** will sing the admired song, "MARY DEAR," during his engagement in Glasgow and other towns in Scotland, during the present month.

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## TESTIMONIAL TO MR. VAN PRAAG.

**MR. VAN PRAAG**, who has been for many years past well known to the members of the Musical Profession, and the public, as holding a responsible position at the principal Concert-rooms of the West End, is now, in his 74th year. In addition to his failing health and strength, he has also recently become a widower, and is, by this sad bereavement, left alone, with not a relative in England to aid or take care of him. He has children in California who wish him to go out to them, and it is his own desire, notwithstanding his age and infirmities, to do so. Want of means for undertaking so long and expensive a journey, which his children are unable to supply, however, preclude the possibility of his leaving England. Under these circumstances, a few friends, well able to bear witness to his respectability, honesty, and courtesy in the discharge of the duties he has so "well and worthily fulfilled," are anxious to raise a Subscription in his behalf, to which contributions are earnestly and respectfully requested.

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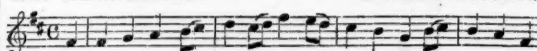
WORDS BY

(SONG.)

MUSIC BY

WM. HENDERSON.

EMILE BERGER.



Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May! What joys attend thine advent gay!

Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May!

What joys attend thine advent gay!

On every tree the birds sing;

From hill and dale glad echoes ring;

The lark, inspir'd, to heav'n ascends,

The gurgling brook in beauty wends

By mossy bank and grassy brae,

Where violets bloom and lambskins play.

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What joys attend thine advent gay!

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## ANOTHER WORLD.\*

(From the "Era.")

Building upon the theory of the plurality of worlds, or the fact that astronomers maintain that the planets of the solar system are tenanted by mortals like ourselves, the author of this singular book professes to give an account of some of the ways peculiar to the inhabitants of one of these star worlds, and of their mortal and intellectual condition, adding the most minute particulars of costume, food, travelling, amusements, &c. A comparison of many theories and statements as advanced with our life at present, on the only planet we have hitherto become acquainted with, furnishes the author with scope for much ingenious dissertation, and not a little good-humoured satire upon the manners and customs of London society as compared with the highly cultivated position of the Star City of Montalluyah. In that favoured region many of the miseries and blunders of our social scheme are either unknown altogether or so modified by benevolence and cultivation as to have scarcely any influence upon the mass of the people. Physical punishment for offences is unknown in Montalluyah. We presume there are no garotters, no wife beaters, no stabbers or poisoners in the Star City, consequently the coercion required is of the mildest quality, as there is no record of stalwart vagrants receiving a number of lashes from the "cat," nor any mention of rogues and vagabonds taking a few weeks' exercise upon the treadmill. Equally mild and gentle appears to be the training of the Montalluyah youth. We hear nothing of Winchester "tunding," and both birch and cane are discarded in the academies of the Star City, for we read:—

"A general feature in the correction of faults is the absence of violent punishment. We wish to raise and not degrade our children, and, perhaps, implant the seeds of cruelty. We do not correct even our animals by blows. Horses, for instance, are never struck. Whips, with a small thong at the ends, are used only to flourish and to make sounds which the horse knows, but they are not used to strike the animal. Other moods are employed for curing viciousness, each according to the nature of the vice. In the case of a kicking horse, he is placed in a machine which is closed on him, the machine being so constructed that when shut it effectually prevents the animal moving, and he is kept there in the same position for hours. If, when taken out, he again kicks, he is placed back again immediately. The process is repeated when necessary over and over again, until the very sight of the machine will completely cow the animal, and he is effectually cured.

No portion of the work will afford greater amusement, and even instruction, to feminine readers, than the history given by the author of "Courtship and Marriage in the Star City." Instead of the narrow-minded and imperfectly developed boarding-school young lady of our own backward clime, we are told that "all the incipient faults of woman" are eradicated by means of careful training; that her powers of attraction are increased, her health strengthened; that she becomes in every way fitted for the position which her talents and virtues entitle her to fill; that is to say, the position of a wife, which the author evidently estimates as the highest and most important—"Woman's Right" in the city of Montalluyah. He not only dwells most minutely upon the processes by which the feminine inhabitants of the Star Worlds arrive at so much perfection, but describes a novel system of choosing a husband. For instance:—

"During thirty-one evenings in succession the girl intended for the marriage state is placed in an assemblage composed of eighty-five young men, one of whom she is expected to choose; but, however quickly her mind may be made up, she is not allowed to announce her decision till the thirty-first evening has arrived. The eighty-five young men are selected by the Councils from those only who have declared their intention of marrying. Any man of the same rank as the lady, who is desirous to be one of the eighty-five, is generally nominated at once; and if the girl has any especial liking for one particular person, she is allowed to communicate the fact privately to one of the ladies of the Council. At these meetings the girl wears a peculiar head-dress with a star in front to distinguish her from other ladies who are allowed to be present, but who, however, are not expected to pay court to the gentlemen. Before a week has elapsed the maiden of the star has generally intimated, by look, who is likely to be the selected one. Sometimes, however, she is fickle, and when one, encouraged by her expressive glance, has paid her court, she will encourage another, and another, and another."

We confess to have been quite consoled by a portion of the last extract we have made.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command,"

as Wordsworth says, is, without doubt, an estimable creature, and the Star City of Montalluyah appears to be wonderfully successful in producing such. But there is a touch of feminine human nature in the picture of the young lady who indulges in a bit of flirtation and

coquets "with another, and another, and another," which is truly refreshing after the solemnity of disclosing a damsel's especial preference "to the ladies of the Council." Herein we think the more simple practice of English life preferable even to the system of the Star City. Our author does not, like novelists, end his story here, but speaks of married life with a latent touch of satire at many an English household. He says:—

"Women are instructed in the art of pleasing, and the handsomest and most gifted exert themselves to this end. They are required to attend to their personal appearance abroad and at home. The married especially are enjoined to attend to this as much in the presence of their husbands as before strangers. A different custom prevailed in former times, when women, after they had been some time married, thinking that their husband's affection was secured, gave themselves no further care to please him, though still taking pains to appear handsome and fascinating to others. It was for visitors and strangers that the most comely apparel and the most engaging manners were put on. The consequence was that the husband often preferred the society of those who in appearance, at least, seemed to care more for him than did his own wife. This was the cause of much of the immorality which formerly existed in our world."

By this it would seem that the Star City in its domestic and social life had not always been in the pure and elevated condition in which the author found it, and the hint of "the immorality which formerly existed in our world" is extremely suggestive. Can it be possible that, like naughty Paris, and almost equally naughty London, the *demi-monde* was not wholly unknown in the Star City of Montalluyah. Tight lacing, we learn, is not tolerated there.

"Women are not allowed to wear stays or in any way to confine the waist. Indeed such encumbrances would serve no good purpose, inasmuch as their forms are actually beautiful; their spines, in consequence of their physical education, are strong, and every part of the person, which might otherwise possibly require support, is in its proper place."

In spite of the perfection of womanhood in the Star Worlds we learn with regret that Time there, as here, steals the soft fire of the eye and the fair bloom of the cheek, and therefore a little assistance from art is not wholly rejected when nature begins to fail.

"Cosmetics for the reparation of beauty are not needed, but women of all ranks are enjoined to use various precautions for its preservation. We have cosmetics very efficacious for protecting the face from the burning sun, for keeping cool the natural moisture, for preserving the complexion and for preventing wrinkles. In our climate the heat distends the skin, and, by inducing excessive perspiration, reduces the fat required to support it. But for our cosmetics, wrinkles would be formed at an early age. As it is, the skin and complexion, as well as the form and features, are now preserved to the last period of life.

We are almost afraid to quote from the chapters relating to costume lest we make some of our feminine readers envious. The richness and splendour of Montalluyah dresses, in which all kinds of precious stones and exquisite tissues are introduced, make the descriptions in modern fashion books seem ridiculously tame; while for *coiffure* what will the ladies say to this?—

"In the hair is sometimes worn an ornament forming two wings, each consisting of a single diamond, which moves on small fine hinges, and is so arranged that the least breath of air will set it in motion. In the centre, uniting the two wings, is a small crimson stone, surmounted by a large round stone of purple-blue, from which sprouts out a very fine dagger of a greenish gold colour. The rest of the head-dress is made of fine metal, chosen for its lightness, of the same tints. These metals are of equal, perhaps greater, value than gold, but are chosen for their qualities. The necklace and anklets correspond in character to the head-dress, with the addition to the former of one large pearl, which hangs to the wings and rests on the lady's bosom. The bracelets are made in your Greek style—bands of gold set with large pearls. The soles to protect the feet are gilded with ravine metal. The sandals, which are of purple enamel of a peculiar kind, are often ornamented with jewels. The fan is composed of the choicest feathers of our native birds, and set in ravine metal of the most beautiful kind, studded with pearls and other precious stones.

What a sensation a lady dressed like this would make at the opera during the forthcoming season! The author describes masculine costume as well, but does not rise to the same height. Even in the Star Worlds man is contented to play second fiddle beside his more graceful feminine rival. We might quote much more and fill many columns from this curious work, but we have, probably, said enough to stimulate the curiosity of our readers, who will, we have no doubt, speedily procure it, and peruse for themselves the fanciful and elaborate descriptions of the author. Many amusing and clever suggestions are embodied in its pages, and we cannot help suspecting that some of the ingenious speculations regarding the Star Worlds are intended by the author as good-humoured satires upon the familiar institutions of this hum-drum every-day life of ours.

\* *Another World; or, Fragments from the Star City of Montalluyah.* Hermes. London: Samuel Tinsley, 1873.



## PAULINE LUCCA AT BOSTON.

(From the "Boston Daily Globe.")

The brief season of opera now closed was remarkable in several respects. It enjoyed a share of prosperity few would have ventured to prophecy, the indifference with which musical entertainments of a high class were received here during the earlier part of our musical season, taken into consideration. Rubinstein came and departed without creating any great amount of interest; Thomas's orchestra was comparatively neglected, and concerts were but poorly patronized. The fire had much to do with this, and it was to be expected that the same fate awaited the operatic venture. In fact, an effort was made to cancel the engagement, the opera management thinking that a city which had lost over seventy millions by fire was not in the mood to indulge in so great a luxury. However, the experiment was tried, and with a result, under the circumstances, extraordinary. To the complications that stood in the way of success must be added stormy and disagreeable weather, the general alarm regarding small-pox in our midst, and the high prices charged for admission. Utter failure was foretold, but how rashly, the large and brilliant audiences that have filled the theatres nightly can best testify. Taking all these things into consideration, we do not overstate the case when we say that the season was an overwhelming success.

For nothing was it more noticeable, and for nothing will it be more memorable, than for the opportunity afforded us of seeing and hearing Mme. Pauline Lucca, undoubtedly the most powerful, intelligent, and versatile lyric artist of whom the modern stage can boast. Her glorious acting, full of fire, pathos, and individuality, astonished and charmed the public. Its rare intellectuality would win Mme. Lucca a proud rank among the great artists of our day, even if she could not sing a note. On the other hand, her large, clear, and sympathetic voice, noble in volume and richness, her pure and solid method, her style, quite free from all meretricious ornament, make her scarcely less remarkable as a vocalist. It is true we get no "musical fireworks" from Mme. Lucca; but we do get a passion, a tenderness, an expression far more rare and exquisite. The former merely astonish, but the latter enthral. The limits of her powers are an enormous distance apart. From Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo*, to Valentine in *Les Huguenots*, from Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, to Marguerite in *Faust*, from Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, to Mignon. These are leaps indeed, when it is considered that in each impersonation this incomparable artist produced a masterpiece of acting and singing. She excelled alike in tragedy and in comedy. Therefore we say the season that introduced Mme. Lucca to us must remain memorable in our musical history.

The operas given during the season were *La Favorita*, *Faust*, *Les Huguenots*, *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Mignon*—in all which Mme. Lucca appeared—*Il Trovatore* and *Lucrezia Borgia*. There was but one postponement, the opening night, when Mme. Lucca was unable to appear; and one disappointment, on the night *Il Trovatore* was to have been repeated, when Miss Kellogg was attacked with a violent cold, which caused the substitution of *Lucrezia Borgia*. The climate affected several of the artists severely; but all well summed up, there remains the indubitable fact that the season afforded both pleasure and satisfaction to the large audiences that attended. Mme. Lucca was the great attraction, and her powers would have eclipsed any support by which she might have been surrounded. We shall await her return among us with the most agreeable memories and the most pleasant anticipations.

BERLIN.—The first volume published by the Society for Musical Research is: *Hundert und fünfzehn guter neuer Liedlein mit vier, fünf, und sechs Stimmen vor nie in Druck ausgegangen deutsch, französisch, welsch, und lateinisch, lustig zu singen.* . . . von den berühmtesten dieser Kunst gemacht. Impressum Norinbergæ, impensis honesti viri Johannis Othonis Bibliopole Anno 1544. (A hundred and fifteen good and new songlets, with four, five, and six parts, never before given in print to sing merrily in German, French, Italian, and Latin . . . made by the most celebrated masters of this art. Impressum Norinbergæ, impensis honesti viri Johannis Othonis Bibliopole Anno 1544.) The work contains sacred and profane songs, by L. Senfl, H. Isaac, Joh. Hengel, Oswalt Reyter, W. Braytengrasser, Arnold de Brouck, Th. Stoltzer, Sixt Dieterich, J. Müller, Math. Eckel, St. Mahn, Lupus Hellinck, and Joh. Wannenmacher.

PEST.—The establishment of a national Academy of Music has been definitely resolved on by the Hungarian Parliament, who have voted an annual grant of 36,000 florins for the purpose. The Abbate Franz Liszt will be at the head of the new institution.

## MUSIC AT VIENNA.

Nothing but a serious occupation, which has completely absorbed my mind as well as my time, could have made me neglect the *Musical World* for a while. Therefore I may exclaim with Horatius: "I am now obliged to tuck about, and to regain the track I had deserted." *Et d'abord*, let us begin with the concerts, of which we have had a very sufficient amount, and "*d'ogni mistura, e d'ogni cotta*," as Dulcamara would say in the *Elisir d'Amore*.

The new leader of the concerts of the Conservatoire, Herr Brahms, successor of Rubinstein, is decidedly a very good acquisition, and deserves great praise for the tasteful correctness in his delivering of classical music, as well as for the arrangement of the programmes, affording an interesting variety, through the introduction of the best modern musical products.

The beautiful organ erected in the large concert room of the Conservatoire has greatly increased the charm of our musical recreations, and we shall have the opportunity of experiencing the beneficial influence of it, on the evening of the 28th of February, when *Saul* of Händel will be performed, the artists engaged for the occasion being the ladies Dustmann and Bettelheim (soprano and contralto) and the gentlemen Walter 1<sup>o</sup>, Pirk 2<sup>o</sup> tenor, as well as Scoria, bass.

As a very worthy competitor of Hellmesberger's Quartet-Society, we have got at least a capital new one; under the direction of Herr Door, a first rate pianist, and professor at our Conservatoire. The *Quartetto Fiorentino*, under Becker's leadership, has paid us a visit this winter, and met with the usual enthusiasm.

Among the thousand and one *soirées* and *matinées* given by foreign artists during the present season, we must mention as attractive in every respect, first of all the concerts of Madame Schumann and Joachim, who had been previously applauded in a concert of the Conservatoire, as well as in one given by the Philharmonic Society. In second *lieu* we may notice two pianoforte recitals given by Herr Bulow, and last, but not least, the two concerts of Signor and Madame Jaell.

Since the opening of the new and elegant concert room situated in the Herrengasse and belonging to the well known pianoforte manufacturer, Herren Bösendorfer, almost all the small concerts take place in this establishment.

The appearance of Dr. Ferdinand Hiller at a concert of the Conservatoire last month, was decidedly the most brilliant musical feature of the present season. Hiller, who came to pay a visit to his daughter (a great actress engaged at the Stadttheater here) had to direct his overture to the *Demetrius* of Schiller; but as the orchestral parts of this piece did not arrive in time, he substituted his Concert-overture in *D minor*, a very beautiful work, full of melodic original ideas as well as rhythmical power. Hiller was enthusiastically received on his appearance, and recalled several times at the end of the overture.

Certainly no other living German musician deserves the admiration and reverence of the public in such a high degree as Ferdinand Hiller; not only as a productive genuine classical composer and pianist belonging to the very best old school, but as a great orchestra-director as well as a first rate musical critic and lettered man. Ferdinand Hiller has indefatigably worked during nearly forty years, spending the largest part of his own private fortune to promote the increment of pure and æsthetical musical art in Germany and elsewhere.

At the Imperial operahouse of Vienna nothing new about the singers, excepting that the old ones are become older still, and no young talents have been engaged on which we could build the hope of a better future. The ladies, Dustmann, Ehn, and Materno, as well as the gentlemen, Walter, Schmidt, Drochslar, Beck, Adams, etc., have no more voice, and are more or less quite *passé*. Bignio has got a pretty baritone voice and a fine appearance, but his singing, you heard it at Drury Lane last season. Müller had a very fine tenor voice when I first heard him in Cassel about six years ago; but since that time, having learned nothing, his voice has lost its freshness and power and become guttural, and his singing and acting are become worse than ever.

Among the *reprises* at the Operahouse, we have had nearly nothing during this winter but *Don Sebastian* of Donizetti, which has been massacred through the bad reading and cutting of this capital score, by *Kapellmeister* Dessoff, as well as by the deficiencies

of the singer intrusted with the different parts. The *Iphigenie in Tauris* of Gluck has been nearly half-a-dozen times on the bill, but postponed until to-day, in consequence of the alternating indisposition of one or other among the veterans who have to sing it.

*Basta!*—we have for the moment the great consolation that the petty-pretty-Patti is coming very soon, and with her Graziani, Nicolini, and Naudin. But alas!—they are going to give sixteen performances at the Wieden, a very small theatre; and the fabulous prices of last year are going to increase more and more. Last year I had the chance of hearing Adelina in four of her best histrionic personifications; can I, a modest mortal, hope to admire the Italo-French-American Diva this time? That is the question, and a very important one for me!

The building of the new Opera-Comique goes on very rapidly, and we can rely upon its opening next winter. If well managed, this new theater cannot fail to exercise a very beneficial influence upon the musical taste, not only of the Viennese public, but of the German audience in general.

At the Opera Comique, *meine Herren und Damen* you must sing and act in the finest way, and you cannot help your ignorance of the æsthetic, histrionic, and vocal rules of art, through wild screaming and insane gesticulations! In the music of the Opera Comique's *répertoire* there are no *Barricate vocali* (as Rossini stigmatized the modern vocal music, as well as the modern art of singing,) to be overthrown with open force, exciting the ignorant part of the audience to applaud your *tours de force*, as do they to a juggler walking on his head, or raising a weight of a hundred pounds with his teeth!

Swoboda has been engaged as artistical manager, and no doubt the first-rate talent of this singer and actor as well as his long experience of the stage, are sufficient guarantees for the succeeding of this, in every respect, welcome undertaking.

Certainly it will be a very difficult task for the manager of an Opera Comique to recruit a good *troupe* in a country like Germany, where, now-a-days, the singers are to be divided into two categories. To the one belong singers in possession of a good voice and natural talent, who, learning nothing of the necessary technical as well as æsthetic notions of the art of singing and acting, go on the stage under the peculiar title of *natur-singers*. Those singers make their way through the exhibition of their physical strength, endeavouring to surprise instead of move and affect the audience. They spoil, consequently, their voices in a few years, and leave the stage, never reaching excellence in art. The other category is composed of people in possession of small voices, who, dedicating themselves to the Offenbach-genre, try to attract the attention of the public and provoke their applauses through shamelessness and vulgar effrontery. These (especially the ladies) generally utilize the stage for some other purposes extraneous to the art, and leave it to begin another career.

*Enfin*, Herr Swoboda has already shown that he understands his business, having engaged the *Kapellmeister*, Proch, expelled from the Imperial Operahouse through the intrigues of the *Herbeck-Lewy* anti-artistical sect. A better experienced musician just for the Opera Comique could not be found in Germany. Proch is an eclectic artist of the old school, accustomed to direct the opera during 38 years at the Imperial Theater, having always been leader of the orchestra during the period of the celebrated Italian seasons, and an intimate friend of Rossini, Donizetti, and Meyerbeer, who always wished to see him direct their works. Another capital acquisition made by Herr Swoboda is the engagement of the charming, the gifted, the lovely Minnie Hauck, from the Imperial Operahouse.

Among other engagements are the tenor Lederer, from Stuttgart, Fraulein Weidemann (a fine soprano), and Herr Seidemann, a capital bass, both the two last from the Marchesi's School.

*Apròpos* of that I must communicate the good news to the London opera-goers, that Mr. Harris, having heard at Mantova La Signorina D'Angeri, mezzo-soprano, and Signor Sigelli, a tenor, as Selica and Vasco in the *Africaine*, has engaged them both immediately for the next season at Covent Garden.

Both singers are pupils of the Marchesi's, the young lady being a Viennese and the gentleman an Hungarian.

So, after you had the Smeroschi (who, by the way, is making

*furor* in Cairo) last year, you will get another first singer from our Conservatoire, and no doubt you will be so pleased with the D'Angeri, as you have already been with the charming Smeroschi.

Two other singers came out from the same school last year, are engaged; one, Catherina Prohaska, a very first-rate high *soprano leggero*, at Frankfort, and the other, Amelia Fremel, a contralto at the Opera here. A third one is finishing her studies under her mistress at the Conservatoire of Vienna, although already engaged a *Pavane* for three years, beginning from October next, at the Royal Opera in Dresden. Her name is Clementina Proska, her voice a beautiful *soprano leggero*. She is very pretty, and she sings like a nightingale.—Your repentant correspondent,

SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

Vienna, 24th Feb., 1873.

#### M. GOUNOD INTERVIEWED.

Astonished at the success of his *Faust*, amidst the Babel of conflicting opinions—(musical "opinion," or, indeed, "opinion" of any sort in this world, is worth but very little indeed,—perhaps nothing)—I felt, notwithstanding the fixed and certain conclusion at which I had long since immovably arrived, that there could not possibly be any more music created after the manner of the Viennese trio, an involuntary incubation in my mental nature of an irrepressible desire to set eyes upon some of the handicraft of Charles Gounod. For operas who cares!—no, I will not increase my contempt for them as a class by turning the cover of this latest new arrival. In spite of aforesaid presentiment my sleepiness continued. At length it was said "A melody has been embossed upon a prelude of Bach's by one, Charles Gounod." "A daring hand;" thought I. A fleeting thought, giving place immediately to a flash of sunshine that penetrated my inmost soul. Its benignant ray will never cease to burn. I must see this: and *Faust* no longer lay unopened. The first page, while it shamed my narrow views of the "infinite variety" of art, soothed me with the reflection that sympathy with the highest and noblest feelings human nature is capable of being moved by, and devotion to the good the true and the eternal (though but in a very minute and all but imperceptible spark) still lived within my breast. My vision revealed a symphonist of the rarest and choicest kind. One who had begun where he of the "Ode to Joy" left off. I must see him. . . . Walking in the garden: a dismal courtyard where all of vegetation it might once have boasted was either covered with blacks of soot or scorched and withered from such other causes as are familiar to the denizens of great cities; broken somewhat in health; the guest of friendly English people: in the heart of London, my eyes rested on the figure of Charles Gounod. Many miles I had come, some thousands of miles. Like ancient Simeon I could now depart in peace; but his kindly face, and gentle, genial manner interpreting my boldness, favourably detained me. He filled again, for he was smoking; an umbrella was thoughtfully raised over his broad forehead by one present; for the rain was beginning to fall. He kept on walking, and, what was much more delightful to me, talked. After a few passing words he gave a smile at Haydn, whom he evidently regarded considerably. This I imagined was partly to sound me. Subsequently, he observed—"Weber is wonderful;" then some time afterwards—"Mozart has finished an era." Finding that I appeared pretty well prepared for this—"Palestrina is an ocean," he said. "What there is in that man"—after a short pause—"and Bach. These are like the two sides of an arch. Do you think there exists the sketch of the tenth symphony of Beethoven; it is said that his pupil, Ries, had it in his possession"—he continued. I replied that such a story was extant. "Beethoven," he rejoined, "is a giant." [I might have answered that there wanted not a successor in the epoch begun by Beethoven while Gounod lived, and that a fitting continuation of the "Immortal Nine," ending with the Choral, existed in that other "Choral Symphony," yeilded *Faust*.] Some more conversation followed, during which the new part-songs, including "Take me, mother earth, to thy cold breast," were mentioned with warm devotion. He would hear nothing about his own compositions. He alluded to some recent differences which had occurred with some of his publishers, exclaiming to me apart, as he pressed my hand in a parental manner—"I do so deplore, nobody can know how much, the time, the precious time, that is wasted in these quarrels. Good-bye." I confess, as I left the door, I was a trifle unmannered to think of the value of the moments which go to make up the period of sojourning among mortals of such a gifted genius. And then the long array of artists and composers who had been their own engravers or publishers—from Hogarth and Handel to Kelly ("importer of music and composer of wines"), Cramer, Ruskin, and Dickens. Wherewith shall we poise the balance?—what can be placed in the scale to weigh genius?

IDEALIZER.

## INTERVIEWING PAULINE LUCCA AT CHICAGO.

(From the "Chicago Evening Post.")

Sundry statements having been made in the press concerning the rebellious manner in which Madame Pauline Lucca left Berlin and came to the United States, and her being fined therefore, a *Post* reporter was instructed to ascertain, from the lips of the fair lady herself, the exact truth of the whole affair. He found the little *diva* cosily entrenched in the Gardner House, her front windows framing lake-scapes suggestive of the open Polar sea; but at her feet the blazing, crackling grate, whose lurid tongues darted weird reflections on her meditative face. She was philosophizing before the fire. On the reporter's entrance, she arose, greeted him with the quietness of German manners, gave him an arm-chair in comfortable proximity to the hearth, and led the way into an easy and pleasant conversation. Her English is good, although she knew not a word of it before coming to the United States. She has a *naïve* way of dropping out of English into German, Italian, or French. She reads English perfectly. The following is the substance of the conversation:—

Rep.—"M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca, will you be good enough to tell *The Evening Post*, for the interest of the public, how you happened to leave Berlin?"

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca.—"Ach! *Certainement*. W<sup>iz</sup> pleasure. I left Berlin because I wished to do so!"

Rep.—"But there were legal difficulties in the way?"

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca (shrugging her right shoulder)—"Not anyzing serieuse. It was all fair enough."

Rep.—"They did not want to give you up. You were fined?"

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca.—"It was just dis way. I had a contract at the Grand Operahouse, which receives a large annuity from the Government, and is, to some degree, under its control. My contract was to sing for life, or as long as I was able. I was to be paid eight thousand thalers per year for as long as I could sing, and then to be retired with the same sum for a pension during the rest of my life. In return for this secure and profitable arrangement, which relieved me of all business cares, and kept away from me all annoyance about the present or the future (and that, in an artist's life, is a great deal, I tell you.) I owed some obligation in return. So I agreed that if ever I broke my engagement I should give eight month's notice in advance, and should pay as a forfeit one year's salary."

Rep.—"But it was stated that you came away without the release of the Director or the consent of the Government. That was not true, of course?"

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca.—"Das was not true. *Pas du tout*. I would not do anything so mean. I am a German, and I love my country and its people. I would not leave them in so ungraceful a manner. But I wished for a change. I wished to come to the United States. So I gave notice to Herr Wagner that at such a time I, Lucca, should cancel my engagement."

Rep.—"What has the Government to do with your going?"

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca.—"I could not be released from my engagement without the Emperor's consent. Music is managed in our country differently from yours."

Rep.—"Then you retired with consent of 'the authorities'?"

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca.—"Some malicious person started the story that I wrote the Emperor a letter, begging to be released from my fine. Das is not so."

Rep.—"You forfeited 8,000 thalers?"

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca.—"It is true that I wrote the Emperor a letter. He knew why I wished to come away. I wrote to him, as I should do, requesting that I be released from my engagement on the terms of the engagement itself. That is, by his consent, and the payment of the forfeit of 8,000 thalers. And, because he knew that I wished it, he consented. I paid my 8,000 thalers and came away. That was all; and I shall go back after awhile."

Rep.—"You will take up your residence there permanently?"

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca.—"*Cela dépend*. I cannot tell that until my husband comes. He will arrive at New York in May. I love Germany. I have no home here; but, ach! ach! I hate the sea voyage!"

Madame had an apparently vivid recollection of the effect of ocean currents on gastric juice.

Rep.—"You may, then, decide to make your home here."

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca.—"Quite likely. But I cannot decide until my husband comes. Wherever he goes I will go; where he prefers to stay, that place will be my home. My little daughter is now in New York with my parents."

Rep.—"How old is your little daughter?"

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca.—"Two years."

Rep.—"Will she sing?"

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca.—"Ah, *ciel*! I hope not! I love my child too much for that! I hope not!"

Rep.—"Why, madame! Are you not willing that she should inherit the great gifts God has given you?"

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca.—"Ach! I would not have her born to such sorrow. The life of an artist is the saddest life on earth."

M<sup>me</sup> Lucca spoke very mournfully, and with suggestive earnestness. She resumed her broken thought.

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca.—"I would not have her bear the misfortunes that I have borne, not for all the glory of this world!"

Rep.—"But, madame, these misfortunes—"

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca.—"You know not of them! Ach! It was first the hunger—the hunger! Then I worked seven, eight, nine years with my mother, just for enough to keep us alive! My life has included every form of sorrow which any woman can have. And this stage life—ach!"

Rep.—"Then you do not enjoy it?"

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca.—"No, no, no! I want my husband, my parents, my child, my home! I am not as other artists. I cannot become intoxicated, as the Celts do, with admiration, and live on in a stream of excitements. While I am on the stage, I do my very best. That is a mean artist, that is no true artist who would not abandon herself wholly to her art upon the stage—not because the public is there—for I never know that the public is there—but because of the sake of art! I do not know that anybody sees me when I am Margaret. I only know that I am *being* Margaret! But I shall stay on the stage just two years more."

Rep.—"You do intend to leave it, then?"

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca.—"Ach, indeed I do. I do not care for so much money as other artists do. I will then have enough to accomplish all I have to undertake."

Rep.—"How do your Chicago audiences compare with those of other cities in appreciation?"

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca.—"They are very kind, and very warm."

Rep.—"You are sure that you have no objection to my publishing in *The Post* the substance of this conversation?"

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca.—"No, no. That Berlin matter has been misunderstood. And I know of no reason why you should not give it as it is, if you desire to do so."

VIENNA.—Herr J. P. Gotthard, a well known music publisher, gave recently a "Novelty Matinée," when the following new works figured in the programme: 1. Julius Zellner, Op. 11, Sonata for Violoncello and Pianoforte (Herrn Louis Spitzer and Anton Door); 2. Albert Count Amadei, "Bitte"; 3. Thomas Count Nyary, "Nun ist der Tag geschieden" (from Op. 2, No. 2); 4. Hermann Kiedel, "Ich will von Schlachten singen" (from Op. 8, No. 1) (Herr Gustav Walter); 5. Robert Fuchs, Two Pianoforte Pieces (from Op. 2); 6. Nawratil, Two Pianoforte Pieces (from Op. 6); 7. J. P. Gotthard, Gavotte (Herr Anton Door); Carl Grammann, "Two Novelties," for Violin and Piano (Herrn Dragomir Kranevics and Anton Door); 8. Jacob Fecher, "Sehnen die Hoffnung" (from Op. 3); Carl Goldmark, "Der Wald wird Dichter" (from Op. 18 H 2) (Herr Gustav Walter); 9. Heinrich von Herzogenberg, Theme and Variations for two Pianos (Herrn Julius Epstein and Aug. Sturm).—The Emperor has granted permission for a space in the front of the Academical Gymnasium to be set apart as a site for the intended Beethoven Memorial. The Committee have already a sum of 40,000 florins in hand, and it is probable that the Town Council will subscribe another 5,000. There is no doubt that the remaining amount requisite will be raised without much difficulty from collections, concerts, and so on.

## TO PAULINE LUCCA.

## ON HEARING A FAVOURITE SONG.

Oh! sing that song, that blessed song, again,  
Whose gentle cadence breathes, in numbers low,  
Of hopes that flung their radiance o'er Life's way,  
When Love was new, within "the long ago,"  
Then breathe again that well-remember'd strain;  
'Twill cheer the darkness of a lonely heart,—  
Recall the brightest of Youth's vanished charms,  
And soothe a sad and weary spirit's smart.

Oh! sing that sweet, that olden song, once more;  
Its mellow'd echoes fall like blessings now;  
I lov'd it well in happier, fairer hours,  
Ere Time and Sorrow touched alike my brow.  
Nay, sing it once, if only *once*, again,  
For fond it beams a memory of the Past,  
The fadeless relic of a "summer dream,"—  
A dream that dawned too beautiful to last.

Long since the lips that first its strains awoke  
Are pale and chill, as wordless as the tomb;  
Yet comes to me her spirit when that song  
Breaks star-like thro' Life's ever-haunting gloom.  
Then sing that song, that blessed song, again,—  
Whose flute-like murmurs breathe, in numbers low,  
Of hopes that flung their radiance o'er my way,  
When love was new, within "the long ago."

Chicago, Feb. 5, 1873.

OWEN M. WILSON, JR.



## CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Saturday concerts continue to be carried on with genuine enterprise, and the public continue to support them with a real interest in their success. Not a week passes without some feature of special importance attracting more than ordinary attention. Now it is a rarely-heard masterpiece like Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*; now it is an unknown symphony by Schubert; now an example of modern German art, such as Brahms' orchestral serenade in D; and now a specimen of contemporary English work such as Mr. Henry Gadsby's new overture, *Andromeda*. The inevitable result of this persistent bringing forward of novelty is to fix public attention in a way possible to nothing else; and Saturday after Saturday the amateurs of London turn their faces Sydenham-wards as though in obedience to some imperative call of duty. It used formerly to be urged against the Crystal Palace managers that they paid less than due heed to native talent, preferring to countenance the works of foreigners. Whether the charge were just or unjust matters not now, because now all ground for it is removed. Scarcely a single concert of the present season has failed to include an English work; and we may say, without fear of contradiction, that nowhere is an English composer, with any claim to notice, more sure of obtaining his right than at the Crystal Palace. We have already referred to Mr. Gadsby's *Andromeda*, and return to it as a case in point. Mr. Gadsby owes a good deal to the Saturday Concerts. Though made favourably known elsewhere as a composer of other than orchestral music, it is almost entirely at Sydenham that his skill in the highest form of art has appeared. Amateurs will remember the production, some time ago, of a symphonic movement and an overture, the *Golden Legend*, from his pen. Both made an impression so favourable that the public were inclined to receive his future works with respect, and hence the attentive hearing given to *Andromeda* on Saturday week. We need not trouble ourselves about the connection of Mr. Gadsby's music with the legend of the daughter of Cepheus. There may be such a connection, but it is unquestionable that the pleasure conferred by the overture is based upon more substantial grounds than the necessarily vague descriptiveness of an orchestra. Indeed, Mr. Gadsby might just as well have been satisfied to send his bantling into the world without a distinctive name. That he did not do so is only another proof of the existence of a fashion which threatens are long to banish "pure" music altogether, and make the art, in its most abstract form, merely subservient. Dismissing the story of *Andromeda* as an unimportant element in the case, let us say of Mr. Gadsby's music that it excels his former works to a most satisfactory extent. The opening *largo* is all an exordium should be—it arrests attention, and by its noble and dignified character prepares the mind for what is to follow. A stirring and rather uncommon theme begins the *allegro molto*, with which the second subject makes an effective contrast; and, though signs of flagging are now and then apparent, the work generally is treated in a masterly way. The subject of the *largo* is well used in the *allegro*, helping much to sustain an interest which at times rises very high indeed. Mr. Gadsby has employed the orchestra with great command of its resources, and there can be no question that his overture will do much to enhance the reputation he has already gained by conscientious labour. We have unfeigned pleasure in recording this fact, connected as it is with a representative of native talent.

Although there was nothing of novelty, there was much of interest, in last Saturday's programme. The orchestral selections began with Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, apropos of which the true theory of "applied" music was stated by Mr. Grove, who said that its aim is "not to give a definite picture of each person and each event in a story—pictures which, however well executed, no two hearers will agree about—but to portray the general emotions excited, and bring the audience into the same frame of mind as that with which the contemplation of the theme inspired the composer." We are glad to be associated with the clever annotator of the Crystal Palace programmes in enunciating a doctrine which alone can save orchestral music from a threatened degradation. Madame Schumann, who had a very hearty welcome, followed the overture with her late husband's Introduction and *Allegro Appassionato* for pianoforte and orchestra—a work of interest at any time, but of special interest when played by an artist far and away the most competent to do it justice. To praise Madame Schumann's performance of Schumann's music would indeed be to "gild refined gold," wherefore let it suffice if we simply record that at the close of her task she was summoned back to the platform amid general applause. The work, like most other things from the same source, should be heard oftener than it is; Madame Schumann also played a Notturmo by Chopin, and Mendelssohn's own arrangement of the Scherzo from his music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Another interesting feature of this concert was the last named master's Prelude and Fugue for organ (Op. 37, No. 1)—one of a set of three dedicated to Attwood, and written in 1837—that is to say, when Mendelssohn's mind was saturated with the influence of Sebastian Bach. Of its

performance by Dr. John Stainer, a successor of Attwood's, there can hardly be need to speak, so often has the present organist of St. Paul's proved his executive skill in similar works. The *Te Deum*, written by Mr. A. S. Sullivan, in commemoration of the recovery of the Prince of Wales, closed the programme. Our opinion of this composition having been more than once expressed, it will suffice now to say that the performance was marred by one of those accidents against which no amount of care can always absolutely insure. The soprano solo was sung by Madame Pauline Rita, who had previously made a very good effect in Bishop's "Lo, hear the gentle lark." Madame Lavrowska, described as a "cantatrice russe de Pétersbourg," strengthened the favourable impression she made at the last Monday Popular Concert by her delivery of "Ah! mon fils," and Glinka's "Orphan's Song." Both were charmingly rendered, and both were followed by a recall of the artist. T. E.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Thanks to a programme of remarkable interest, last Monday's concert was the most successful of the season, whether judged by the attendance of the public or the result of the performance. Every part of the room was crowded, and everything done elicited applause of a more or less enthusiastic nature. We record a fact of some significance when we state that not the least well-received piece was Brahms' Sextet in B flat for strings. This important composition had a hearing in St. James's Hall some two or three years ago, at the express desire of Herr Joachim; but the public gave it a cold welcome, and Mr. Chappell put it aside. If the director was justified in what he then did, still more was he justified in reproducing the work on Monday. The audience heard Brahms' music with unmistakable favour, and even if no movement had been encoed, as was the *Scherzo*, their long and loud applause would have evidenced complete satisfaction. That the Sextet improves on acquaintance must be fully admitted. Its tunefulness is at once apparent, but the skill with which the themes are developed, the individuality of their treatment, and the high artistic feeling suggested by each portion of the work, require some degree of familiarity in order to produce their full effect. Assuming the opportunities for familiarity, it is easy to prophesy that the Sextet will take a high place in the Monday Popular repertoire. An immediate result of its very excellent performance by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Zerbini, Daubert, and Piaty, was to advance the reputation of Herr Brahms, and to make the way easy for other things from his pen. Beethoven's lovely Quartet in D major (Op. 18, No. 3)—a "highly-finished cabinet picture," to quote the annotator of the programme—was the only concerted piece given with the Sextet; but there were two solos, each of more than average attraction. Madame Schumann played the famous "Waldstein" Sonata of Beethoven; and Herr Joachim contributed Bach's wonderful *Chaconne* in D minor—both artists achieving a familiar task with equally familiar results. We need not enlarge upon the merits, in this connection, either of the pianist or of the violinist. Enough that Madame Schumann "read" Beethoven like the consummate musician she is, and that Herr Joachim played Bach as though he had devoted his genius and his life to the one work in hand. The *Chaconne* was received with a storm of applause, which only subsided when Herr Joachim came forward to offer, as an encore piece, a Prelude in D, also by Bach.

The second appearance of Madame Lavrowska at these concerts ratified her initial success. She sang Handel's "Lascia ch'io pianga," and Schumann's "Ich grolle nicht" (encored), so as to excite as much admiration for her artistic qualities as for her charmingly sympathetic voice. That less effect was produced in a scene from Glinka's opera, *Ruslan e Ludmilla*, may be attributed to music which not even Madame Lavrowska, singing to the perfect accompaniment of Sir Julius Benedict, could make interesting. It is seldom that we have to record such speedy and complete success as that of the Russian artist. Happily, she deserves her good fortune.

GLOUCESTER.—Handel's oratorio of *Samson* was lately performed in a highly satisfactory manner by the members of the Singing Academy, under the direction of Herr Kniebe.

MAGDEBURG.—An audience of above two thousand persons assembled a short time since in the hall of the Odeum, to hear a performance of Herr Anton Rubinstein's sacred opera, *Der Thurm zu Babel*, by the members of the Singing Academy. The concert opened with the overture and detached scenes from Herr Ehrlich's opera, *König Georg*.

CADIZ.—Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* has been produced with great success, the part of the heroine being sustained by Madame Ramirez-Boldan.

# MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1872-3.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

## TWENTY-SEVENTH CONCERT, MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 10, 1873. At Eight o'clock precisely.

### PROGRAMME.

#### PART I.

QUINTET, in C major, Op. 29, for two violins, two violas, and  
violinello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*  
CANTATA, "Il Nerone"—MR. SANTLEY .. .. *Stradella.*  
SUITE DE PIÈCES, in G minor, for pianoforte alone—Miss  
AGNES ZIMMERMANN .. .. *Handel.*

#### PART II.

RECIT. and ADAGIO, from Concerto in E minor, Op. 28, for  
violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM .. *Spohr.*  
SONG, "Nasce al bosco (Ezio)"—MR. SANTLEY .. .. *Handel.*  
TRIO, in D minor, Op. 49, for pianoforte, violin, and violinello—  
Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN, MM. JOACHIM, and PIATTI .. *Mendelssohn.*  
CONDUCTOR .. .. SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

# SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. THE REMAINING MORNING PERFORMANCES

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

March 15, 22, 29, and April 5.

At Three o'clock precisely.

### PROGRAMME FOR THIS DAY, MARCH 8, 1873.

QUARTET, in E minor, Op. 59, No. 2, dedicated to Count  
Rasoumowski, for two violins, viola, and violinello—MM.  
JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*  
CANZONET, "Sympathy"—Mlle. NITA GAETANO .. .. *Haydn.*  
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 28, No. 3, for pianoforte alone—Madame  
SCHUMANN .. .. *Beethoven.*  
ANDANTE and ALLEGRO, for violin alone, from Sonata in A  
minor—Herr JOACHIM .. .. *Bach.*  
SONG, "Tamo"—Mlle. NITA GAETANO .. .. *Benedict.*  
TRIO, in B flat, Op. 99, for pianoforte, violin, and violinello  
Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM, and PIATTI .. *Schubert.*  
Conductor .. .. SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

# CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

NINETEENTH CONCERT—THIS DAY—MARCH 8, 1873.

### PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE, "Don Juan" .. .. *Mozart.*  
SONG, "Verdi prati"—Madame PATEY .. .. *Handel.*  
ADAGIO and FINALE (Concerto, No. 1)—Mlle. FRIESE (her  
first appearance) .. .. *Vieuxtemps.*  
RECIT. and ARIA, "Non mi dir" (Don Giovanni)—Madame OTTO-  
ALVLEBEN (her first appearance) .. .. *Mozart.*  
SYMPHONY, No. 1 .. .. *Beethoven.*  
SONG, "There is a green hill"—Madame PATEY .. .. *Gounod.*  
ARIA, "On mighty pens" (Creation)—Madame ALVLEBEN .. *Haydn.*  
SOLO ADAGIO (Concerto No. 9)—Mlle. FRIESE .. .. *Spohr.*  
OVERTURE, "Lustspiel" (first time) .. .. *Rietz.*  
Conductor .. .. MR. MANNS.

### NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs.  
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little  
Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements  
may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

# The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1873.

AS the early weeks of the season go on, erst-while  
nebulous enterprises take more and more definite shape,  
and what was once spoken of as rumour becomes fact that  
merely waits accomplishment. For example, we know with  
tolerable accuracy what are the musical projects connected  
with the International Exhibition. Last year, as our readers

scarcely need reminding, there was a show of musical instru-  
ments, the auxiliaries of art, at South Kensington; but this  
year there will be an exhibition of art itself—on a scale of  
magnitude and under conditions worthy of note. The  
arrangements include a daily performance of orchestral and  
vocal music, in the Royal Albert Hall, directed by Mr.  
Joseph Barnby, who will have under his control a picked  
band of some sixty performers. Each programme is to  
contain, as a rule, a symphony or concerto, two overtures,  
and a selection of songs or other vocal music. It is proposed  
to vary this, from time to time, with operatic ballet music,  
and other compositions for the orchestra of a light  
and popular character, as well as recitals of operatic  
music generally. So far, good; but better remains.  
While standard and accepted works will receive  
due attention, a special effort is to be made on  
behalf of those which are not yet among things gene-  
rally known. Mr. Barnby, if we are rightly informed, will  
survey the entire musical world "from China to Peru," with  
a keen eye for instances of undeserved neglect. Upon the  
victims of that neglect—and there are plenty—he will lay  
his hand to drag them forth into the light. An intention so  
admirable deserves all the support that can be given to it;  
especially when the man essaying to carry it out is one  
whose antecedents guarantee all necessary resolution.  
Another feature in the scheme will be the prominence given  
to English music. Not only are the works of our best known  
native composers to have a hearing, but "a door of utter-  
ance" will be thrown open to the talent which is at present  
mute. All compositions sent in are certain to receive care-  
ful notice, and as certain, when found worthy, to be per-  
formed. We learn that arrangements for occasional evening  
concerts, with both orchestra and chorus, are in contempla-  
tion; and that young native artists, vocal and instru-  
mental, will have special facilities for making a public  
appearance. Assuming that the scheme thus outlined  
be well carried out—and it is in the right hands—the good  
it will accomplish is obvious, apart from the beneficial  
result of arrangements which are certain to place vast  
miscellaneous audiences under the influence of classical  
music. The mere exhibition of art is an excellent thing;  
but so is the step which gives practical encouragement to  
artists who are striving to make their way in the world.  
*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute;* and the Albert Hall  
scheme purposes, as far as possible, to make it cost less. This  
is a truly national object, worthy of national enterprise; and,  
if only for its sake, help should be forthcoming from all  
lovers of art.

Following what is now a precedent, whenever the purpose  
is serious, each programme will contain historical and  
analytical details of the works it contains. We have only  
to add that the concerts will be supplemented by recitals on  
the great organ, for which the services of Mr. Best and Dr.  
Stainer have been secured.

HAYDN v. SCHUBERT.

DEAR GEORGE GROVE,—The letter you addressed to me last week  
was as genial as the music of Father Haydn himself. No!—sneering is  
not your line, and I withdraw a word written, as David's charge of  
mendacity against all men was spoken, "in my haste." But for  
having taken Haydn's artificial head-covering as a symbol of his music,  
you must make atonement. The sentence is that, within two months,  
you cause to be performed one of the dear old Master's symphonies.  
Thus only can his Shade be appeased, to say nothing of—Yours ever,

March 6.

THADDEUS EGG.



## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

In that very remarkable book, called *Another World*, from which our readers have no doubt perused more than one quotation, we find the subjoined description of the manner in which ladies, in the planet of which the "fragments" submitted by Hermes are disclosures, are selected by gentlemen for partners at balls:—

"A lady's hands and feet form so great a feature in the estimation of her beauty that they are made a distinctive test for deciding preferences on certain occasions. Thus, partners for the dance are sometimes chosen in a way that excites a great deal of mirth. The custom is called 'choosing by hands.' A large round screen, made expressly for the purpose, stands at one end of a ball-room; behind this a certain number of ladies—generally twelve at a time—place themselves, accompanied by the master of the ceremonies. The opening in the doorway is then closed. The screen, though not closed at the top, is sufficiently high to completely mask the ladies, and there are in it twelve or more small apertures, lined or faced with a soft crimson or other warm coloured velvet, sufficiently large to admit of a hand being passed through, so that it may be seen and criticised on the exposed side of the screen. Through one of these openings each of the ladies passes her right hand, and the gentlemen choose the hand they prefer, each by touching a spring nearest the hand selected, and at the same time announcing his name. The chosen one is immediately led out from behind the screen and presented by the master of ceremonies to the gentleman, in the midst of the applause or merriment of the company before the screen, and of the rest of the ladies behind it. Ladies are very particular about their hands and nails, and, as may easily be conceived, give them a little extra attention before going to a party."

This is extremely pretty and graceful. Hermes does not tell who was the Strauss, or Lanner, or Jullien, to compose music for the various dances.

The following, about the recent opera season in Chicago, with Pauline Lucca as the "star," appeared in the *Inter-Ocean Journal* of this great, populous, flourishing, and easily recouping city:—

"The onslaught of Lucca, and Kellogg, and their 'corps,' has completely overrun the fashionable world, and society has been almost stagnant for the past week. The *Favorita* (Pauline, Leonora,) and *Faust* (Pauline, Marguerite,) have been the engrossing topics in the breakfast room, and the leisure of the society-goers has been mainly occupied in the preparation of the toilet for the evenings at McVicker's. There have been a few quiet parties and the regular club socials, but few invitations have been sent out, and no important receptions have been announced. The coming week, however, bids fair to be a gay one, and large anticipations are indulged of a brilliant season after Mr. Jarrett and his *troupe* have departed, and the few days before Lent confine society's gaiety to a brief interval."

The excitement created by the appearance of Pauline Lucca appears not altogether to have been unclouded, if we may judge by the following—addressed to the Editor of the *Chicago Tribune*:—

"MORE TICKETS THAN SEATS."

"SIR,—Many people who had secured seats for to-night's opera have come away, unable to reach those seats through the immovable crowd that is filling the aisles. I hope they will demand the return of their money, and bear testimony to the wrong that has been practised, in selling more tickets than should have been sold, and then failing to preserve order and give ticket-holders the places promised them."

"Chicago, Feb. 7, 1873."

It used to be the case when Jenny Lind visited America; but, as Barnum was wont to say, "It can't be helped;" and, doubtless, Jarrett explains it much in the same manner.

Our friend the *Hornet* has just buzzed to the following effect:—

"Mr. John Oxenford's magnificent review in the *Times* has saved the fortunes of Mr. Albery's *Oriana* at the Globe. The manner in which the critic of the *Telegraph* backed water after reading Mr. Oxenford's notice was simply delicious. To eat dirt is an old simile, but this gentleman devoured Clay."

Our friend should buzz the truth, which is that *Oriana* has not been "saved;" that the *Telegraph's* second notice was as obviously written by its musical critic as was the first by its dramatic critic; and that Mr. Oxenford's article had not appeared when the *Telegraph's* second notice was penned. If hawks will pick out hawks' een—or, rather, if hornets will sting—they should be sure of provocation.

## THE CHICAGO OPERA SEASON AND PAULINE LUCCA.

(From the "Chicago Evening Post," Feb. 8th.)

The houses which have assembled at McVicker's during the past week to witness the performances of the Maretzek Italian opera *troupe* have been a splendid tribute to the *renaissance* of good music in Chicago. The Nilsson concerts two years ago were more numerously attended than any previous entertainments, and the receipts were considered extraordinary. The Lucca house on Wednesday night was better than the best Nilsson night, and the receipts last night, when even ticket-holders were unable at eight o'clock to obtain admission, so great and so unmovable was the throng, were largely in advance of those of Wednesday. No seats are unsold for this afternoon, and there is every reason to suppose that the remaining Lucca operas will be no less numerously attended.

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

The first *Soirée Musicale*, this season, of the West London Kilburn Musical Society took place on Monday evening, the 24th ult., in the St. Augustine Schoolroom, and, despite the inclemency of the weather, attracted a large and appreciative audience. The programme included Jackson's oratorio of *Isaiah*, and a miscellaneous selection. The overture to the oratorio was well rendered by the band. The fine trio with chorus, "Clash the cymbals high in air," was given most artistically by M<sup>me</sup>. Bernard and Messrs. Wake and Tucker. M<sup>me</sup>. Bernard was equally happy in the solo and chorus, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts;" also in the air, "Oh! sinful nation." Miss Isabel Weale gave the air, "Hearken unto me," with grace and power. This young lady is one of our rising vocalists; she lately sang at the Royal Albert Hall, and was well received. The fugal chorus "In the Lord Jehovah," severely taxed the powers of the choir, but it was fully equal to the occasion. The number that received the greatest applause was the air with chorus, "Oh, Lord, I will praise Thee; the solo was allotted to Miss Warwick, whose contralto voice told with great effect. Miss Warwick and Miss Isabel Weale next gave the duo, "The Lord shall reign for ever," the rapid passages of which were faultlessly executed. The magnificent "Hallelujah," rendered with great precision both by band and chorus, brought the first part to a termination. The second part opened with Rossini's overture to *Semiramide*, well played by the band. Mr. H. M. Thornborow earned well merited plaudits in Blumenthal's "Requital;" Miss Warwick, in Sullivan's "Looking Back," delighted all present; Beethoven's sonata in F, for pianoforte and violin, was charmingly played by Mr. Wm. Beavan and Mr. Sommer; M<sup>me</sup>. Bernard's vocalisation in an aria by Verdi, was highly appreciated; Mr. Adolphus Phillips gave Ardit's "Stirrup Cup," with effect. Mozart's overture to *Figaro* brought the *Soirée* to a close. Mr. John Beavan accompanied, and Mr. Wm. Beavan conducted with ability.

The Original Mohawk Minstrels gave their fourth annual performance at the Concert Hall, Store Street, Bedford Square, on Saturday evening, March 1st. There was an entirely new programme, and several of the members made their first appearance at this hall. Among them were "Little Harry," Messrs. Harold V. Athow, Rowland Olliver, and W. Putnam. A large selection of new comic songs, ballads, laughable sketches, &c., were introduced with success. Mr. J. Francis introduced a very amusing song, "Gliding in a tram," (the words written, and the music composed, by himself), which pleased the audience immensely. Great desire was expressed to hear it again, but no encores being permitted (an excellent plan), their wish could not be gratified. Messrs. Vernon, Vaughan, and Freeman contributed to the success of the evening by their excellent singing; Mr. W. Putnam by a solo on the harp, and Mr. T. Hill by his "Prize Jig." The entertainment concluded by the performance of the laughable absurdity entitled *The Manager in Difficulties* which sent the audience home, delighted with what they had seen and heard.

A SCHOOL of music has been established at Athens, and opened in presence of the Court. This is the first establishment of the sort in the East, and numbers already 400 pupils.

It is said that Miss Clara Louise Kellogg intends to write her biography, and that she will give "the inside history of a professional life, without any of the outside varnish." All right!

EDITH WYNNE PRESENTATION FUND.—We are informed that the committee of this fund have commissioned Mr. Edwards, the eminent sculptor, of Robert Street, Hampstead Road, to execute a bust in marble of our accomplished national songstress. The amount contributed over and above the cost of such bust will be expended in the purchase of an article of jewellery, and of a design emblematic of Wales.

## MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

The first concert of this admirable Choir's eighteenth season took place in St. James's Hall, on Thursday week, with all the success that might have been anticipated. Over 200 members—an unusually large number—were on the orchestra; but the first piece sung proved beyond doubt that an increase of voices brought increase of strength, without lessening in any degree that refinement and delicacy for which the Choir is famous. As we stated, last week, would be the case, the programme was divided into two sections, assigned respectively to Italian and English composers; thus enabling the audience to make instructive contrasts and comparisons between the genius of two countries as it appears in the same class of works. After "God save the Queen" had been sung—by the way, the Queen's second son was present—Italy led off with Marenzio's well-known "Queen of the World," and Converso's "When all alone, my pretty love"—two capital examples of madrigalian art as it was in the last years of the sixteenth century. Next came Croce's "Cynthia, thy charms," a work full of interest, followed by Ferretti's "Young men, I warn you," and Festa's "Down in a flowery vale." All these were sung to perfection, the last-named especially being given with marvellous clearness and accuracy. The first part ended with an example of modern Italian art in the shape of Pissutti's serenade, "In this hour of softened splendour," which, as usual, had to be repeated. Next came the turn of England, and our "unmusical country" led off with a trump card—Samuel Wesley's motet, "In exitu Israel." Had the gifted composer of this fine work done nothing else he would have deserved a place among the best writers for the Church, so noble and dignified is its style, and so profound its science. Shame that a man so endowed did not meet with greater appreciation during his life, and does not occupy a higher place now that he is dead! Having begun so well, England followed it up with two new part-songs by Walter Macfarren, of which one, "Shepherds all and Maidens fair," is very cleverly and effectively written. After these came Ward's "Die not, fond man"—a somewhat weak thing, with all its pretence of contrapuntal skill; Wilbye's "Stay, Corydon"; Pearsall's "Take heed, ye shepherd swains;" and Sir S. Bennett's "Come live with me"—on the whole, a very effective display of art, and not one at all unworthy to mate with that of the "Land of Song." The choir sang uniformly well throughout—intonation, expression, precision, and enunciation being all that a fastidious taste could desire. The soloists were Mr. Henry Holmes (violin), Mdlle. Gaetano, Mdlle. Patey, and Mr. W. H. Cummings. Mr. Holmes was encored in Tartini's *Allegro* in D, substituting for it a *Gigue* by Corelli; and the vocalists gave much satisfaction; though, as a matter of course, the doings of the Choir took first rank.

## PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—We take the following from the *Liverpool Mail* :—

"The project of forming a Liverpool choir of 120 voices, to compete at the Crystal Palace National Music Meetings, has now taken a definite shape. We referred to the matter some months back, when the Mayor made the suggestion to Mr. Willert Beale, and we have also indicated the nature of this year's competitions. It is intended that the Liverpool choir shall compete for prizes in the second, third, and fourth classes at the music meetings in July. £2 is to be allowed each singer towards the payment of expenses, and railway fares are also to be defrayed. As an earnest of good faith singers will have to deposit 10s. with the local committee, and will be expected to attend ten or more rehearsals under Mr. J. Sanders, some of these being open to the public. A sub-committee will select singers from the names sent in, and make other necessary arrangements. Whatever be the effect of the competitions at Sydenham, the local preparations are certain to give a healthy stimulus to the choirs at Liverpool, and may result in the revival of the musical festivals which used so much to benefit art and charity."

PLYMOUTH.—A local journal informs us that—

"With a band and chorus of close upon three hundred performers, and aided by four vocal soloists of eminence, the Plymouth Amateur Vocal Association gave the second of this season's subscription concerts. Barnett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, and Handel's serenata, *Acis and Galatea*, were the works performed. Both were admirably interpreted, and the large and discriminating audience which filled the Albert Hall testified in no half-hearted manner to the intelligent pleasure which the Association afforded it. The concert was noticeable as introducing a Plymouth audience for the first time to the beauties of Handel's serenata, and to the merits of three vocalists, strangers to the town. In both respects the occasion was a success. Miss Katherine Poyntz, Madame Osborne Williams, and Mr. J. H. Pearson, proved themselves artists with whom to make acquaintance was a pleasure; and Mr. Winn, the basso, sang as effectively as he has at previous

concerts of the Association. Both in the cantata and in the serenata the band—led by Mr. H. Reed, and including Mr. Holt, first violin, Mr. M. Rice, viola, Mr. F. Reed, violoncello, Mr. Kearns, oboe, and Mr. Fly, trumpet—acquitted itself most ably, and Mr. F. Lohr, the hon. conductor, wielded the *bâton* with a success which is now customary."

CHATHAM.—Vance's Combination and Concert Company visited this locality on Saturday evening, 1st inst., and attracted a numerous and enthusiastic audience. The party is unusually clever, and comprises the following favourite vocalists, viz.—Miss Lottie Cherry, a beautifully-costumed and very handsome serio-comic; Miss Kate Farley, another attractive lady in the same line; Mr. Henry Corri; Mr. W. B. Alexandre (mimic and ventriloquist), a personage denominated on the programme as the Fakir of O O Do (who turned out to be a very clever *prestidigitateur*); Mr. Edward Inisdale (a brilliant solo pianist and able accompanist), and "Vance," who was only announced for two songs, being, we presume, anxious to avoid the necessity of stretching the entertainment indefinitely into Sunday morning. As it was, an unlimited encore system was established, and the "turns" of the celebrated *comique* multiplied exceedingly at the hands of his delighted hearers.

CHELMSFORD.—The *Essex Weekly News* says that—

"A successful concert was given by the eminent pianist, Mrs. John Macfarren (who is well known in Chelmsford), assisted by Miss Agnes Drummond (soprano), and Signor Bellini (basso). Those who braved the rain and cold were amply repaid by the choice musical banquet spread out before them. Any comments on the proficiency and style of Mrs. Macfarren's playing would be superfluous. Suffice it that her brilliancy of execution and finished touch obtained rounds of applause at the close of each of her selections. Hummel's 'Rondo Prestissimo' was a wonderful piece of rapid playing. Miss Drummond who has a clear soprano voice, found favour with the audience in the *cavatina*, 'Over hill, over dale.' In 'The lover and the bird' and 'There's nae luck about the house,' she received hearty encores. Signor Bellini has a powerful bass voice, and was very amusing in his buffo singing. The entertainment was a decided success."

## COPYRIGHT AND STAGERIGHT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I forward a letter from Lord Lytton which may interest your readers, not only as a contribution to the elucidation of the question of copyright, but also as one of the latest utterances of the noble author on the subject. It was sent to a friend of mine who had dramatised one of Lord Lytton's novels, and who wrote to him, requesting that he would revise the MS. To his application the noble lord sent the following reply :—

SIR,—In reply to yours of the 30th, I strongly object to the dramatising my novel —, and I shall oppose its representation on the stage, if, as my solicitor assures me, the law enables me to do so. It is the first time, however, that any author has not asked my consent before attempting to dramatise any novel of mine. I need not add that I decline looking over the MS. of an attempt to which I refuse my sanction. Your obedient servant,

12, Grosvenor Square, Oct. 3, 1872.

LYTTON.

My friend thought that such a man as Lord Lytton would have the best advice on the subject; and, consequently, refrained from submitting his MS. to any theatrical manager.—I remain, yours faithfully,

March 5, 1873.

HIBERNICUS.

SIR,—Mr. Henry Vizetelly has lived so long in Paris that it is only natural he should share the common ignorance of Frenchmen as to the value of French plays in England, and the operation of English International Copyright law. Of the numerous large and small plays produced in France, not more than one per cent. is found to be adaptable to the English stage; but all these plays can be protected on English ground if the authors publish an English literal translation in England within six months of the dramatic production of the pieces in France. This may be found in practice a somewhat troublesome formality to observe; and, if so, I am quite willing to help to get it modified. The theatrical manager is rarely benefited by the plunder of French authors. He has to pay for his pieces, and it matters little to him whether he pays the French author, or the English adapter, or both. I deal very little in French plays, but very much in French musical pieces; and during the last two years I have paid M. Offenbach over 25,000 francs—to say nothing of lesser sums to M. Hervé, M. Emile Jonas, and others. Whenever any piece has been produced at the Gaiety Theatre having a French or German origin, I have always fairly stated the fact in the playbills.

March 5, 1873.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

## M. GOUNOD'S CHORAL SOCIETY.

The second concert of the new society was given on Saturday evening at St. James's Hall, to a tolerably large audience.—M. Gounod himself conducting the choral works, and accompanying his own songs. The American organ, at which Dr. Stainer presided on the occasion of the first concert, was again conspicuous, and an alteration has also taken place in the massing of the choir, they occupying the central portion of the platform, while the audience were admitted to seats at the sides. This certainly "dressed" the orchestra very well. M. Gounod can by no means complain of want of popularity, for his audience were ready to applaud everything, and would, we verily believe, have had the whole programme repeated. The first portion of the concert, dedicated to the performance of sacred pieces, introduced a new song—"Abraham's Request." This, a very fine composition for baritone, was ably sung by Mr. G. Garcia, and deservedly encored. Another item was the "Sicilian Mariner's Hymn," harmonized in a masterly manner by the popular French composer. In the second part, the "Last Rose of Summer" was given with the usual effect; and violoncello and violin solos were contributed by M. Paque and Master Jacquinet. The gem of the latter section, however, was a setting of some words by Sir Philip Sidney, "My true love hath my heart," in which the composer has caught the true spirit of the Elizabethan idyll. At the next concert, March 8 (to-day), M. Gounod's *Requiem* will be repeated by desire, and the overture to *William Tell* will be given by the choir in "orchestral combination."

## ST. JAMES'S HALL.

A concert was given in St. James's Hall, on Tuesday week, for the benefit of the Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind. We regret to say that the hall was but thinly attended, a result which must be wholly attributable to the inclemency of the weather. M. Noyer, who organised the concert, and to whom great praise is due, was assisted by Miss Jessie Royd, Mdle. Gaetano, Madame Lablache, Mr. Berry, Mr. W. Locke (blind tenor), and Mr. H. A. Pope—vocalists; Madame Noyer, Messrs. Radcliffe and Oberthur—instrumentalists. Miss Royd and Mdle. Gaetano sang their songs so much to the satisfaction of the audience that they were called upon to repeat them, and Madame Lablache was recalled after her expressive rendering of Meyerbeer's "Ah! mon fils." Mr. H. A. Pope contributed the recitative and air "Lieti di" (Meyerbeer), and was much applauded—as were Messrs. Berry and Locke in the songs they gave. Madame Noyer made a decidedly favourable impression by her playing of Willie Pape's piano-forte solo, "Irish Diamonds." Herr Oberthur played one of his own solos for the instrument associated with his name, and was recalled, as was M. Noyer for his performance of a fantasia for violin-piano. The part-songs, "Sabbath Bells" (Smart), "The Victor's Return" (Mendelssohn), and Sullivan's "Oh, hush thee my baby," given by the St. Cecilia Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Hargitt, were deservedly encored.

## A HINT TO PAULINE LUCCA.

(From the "Chicago Tribune.")

The spectacle in McVicker's Theatre, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, was not calculated to impress a stranger with the belief that money is tight in Chicago. It is impossible to get at the exact figures, but it is only a few dollars out of the way to say that on Monday evening there were 5,600 dollars in the house; on Wednesday evening, 6,500 dollars; and on Friday evening, 6,200 dollars; and an average of these three sums yesterday. The gross receipts of the week will probably reach 25,000 dollars. This result has not been surpassed in any city in the country. The Friday night receipts have never been equalled before in this city. On Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, indeed, if the theatre had been larger, the audience would have been larger also, as many came who could not get in. The result shows that Chicago to-day is, as she always has been, the most munificent patron of opera in this country, and that no entertainment suffers here if it is of good quality. There is no city which detects a sham more quickly, or lets it more severely alone, and there is no city which extends a more royal welcome to real talent. Miss Charlotte Cushman, during her recent engagement, more than once acknowledged that she had never met, in all her long and varied stage life, a more cordial reception than she had here. The moralists may mourn, the financial economists may weave theories of profit and loss as much as they please, it still remains true that Chicago is bound to be amused, whether times are hard or not; and there is quite as much sound philosophy in this determination as there is in playing the Pharisee, or shaking like Faint Heart, in every crisis. The fair little Berliner will find compensation in this

recognition for all the privileges she has forfeited in breaking her contract with Frederick William's Superintendent of Opera. No pent-up Utica now contracts her powers. She now belongs to the world, and in her cosmopolitan fame Chicago claims a generous place. All that is now necessary for her happiness in this world is an investment in a corner lot here, which will yield her a snug fortune when her hair gets grey, and her voice begins to quiver, and all her operatic triumphs are souvenirs of a glorious past. Many artists of renown have anchored a deposit in Chicago real estate against foul weather. There is nothing like it. It is an investment which pays. It can never be disturbed by Prussian edicts or Mallinger cabals. When the year 1900 has turned round the corner, all the artist-owners of real estate are coming here to reside on their property, and compare notes on the seasons at Crosby's and McVickers, and help on the *prima donnas* of the day, who are now in swaddling clothes, with no more suggestions of music about them than arise from the prick of a pin or empty stomachs.

The success of the Opera here speaks well for the general culture of Chicago. It is inevitable—absurd as it may be—that Italian Opera shall be accompanied by the whimsicalities of fashion. It is inevitable, perhaps, that people must go in a carriage; must wear purple and fine linen, and make opera an expensive luxury, but this is not a necessity of the Opera. It is only another exemplification of the fact, which has been true since the days of Adam, that there are times and occasions when Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown are determined not to be outdone by each other in raiment and style. Leaving out of the question, however, all the surroundings of the Opera, and coming down to its actual merits, it cannot be denied that it is a missionary of culture, and that its tendency is to improve the average taste and etiquette, and elevate the standard of music. There is no higher standard of art than music and the drama combined; and when the golden time comes, when managers can so arrange salaries as to provide a *troupe* of equal merit throughout, we may then look for performances at reasonable rates. Meanwhile, we advise *Unsere Kleine Pauline* to read the real estate advertisements in *The Tribune* this morning, and attentively study the lesson they teach.

MILAN.—The new opera, *Fosca*, by the young Brazilian composer, Senhor Gomez, has at length been produced at the Scala. It achieved a respectable success, but did not excite any particular enthusiasm. The *Trovatore* speaking of it, says: "As the music of *Fosca* pleased more the second evening than the first, it may possibly be heard to greater advantage on the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, and end by creating a *furor*. . . . At all events, if the music of Senhor Gomez pleases, it will certainly not do so on account of its originality. . . . We may say at once, without waiting for further performances, that the music is not algebraical, mathematical or Wagnerian, as some persons might suppose; on the contrary, it is full of melodies; unfortunately, however, the melodies do not belong to Gomez, but are reminiscences, probably involuntary reminiscences, of Verdi, Meyerbeer, Gounod, and even Marchetti." The principal parts were sustained by Signore Krauss, Lamare, Signori Maurel, Bulterini, and Maini.—The rehearsals of *Lohengrin* at the same theatre have commenced. The cast will be as follows: Elsa, Signora Kraus; Ortruda, Signora Edelsberg; Lohengrin, Signor Campanini; Telramondo, Signor Maurel; the King, Signor Milesi; and Aroldo, Signor Buti.—Herr von Flotow's new opera, *L'Ombre*, will shortly be performed at the Teatro della Commedia, the artists being Signore Elvira Suardi-Repetto, Ida Augustoni, Signori Tom Karl and Grazioso.

## BEETHOVEN.

O stateliest! who shall speak thy praise? who find  
A fitting word to utter before thee?  
Thou lonely splendour, thou consummate mind,  
Who marshall'st thy hosts in majesty;  
Thy shadowy armies of resistless thought,  
Thy subtle forces drawn from Nature's heart,  
Thy solemn-breathing, mighty music, wrought  
Of life and death—a miracle thou art!  
The restless tides of human life, that swing  
In stormy currents, thou dost touch and sway.  
Deep chords within us answer, shuddering  
At thy resounding voice—we cast away  
All our unworthiness, made strong by thee,  
Thou great uplifter of humanity!

CECILIA THAXTER.



### "WHAT ARE WE DRIFTING INTO?"

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I have read with much interest your able article upon "Newspaper criticism and the law." "What are we drifting into?" The Lord Chamberlain allows words to be spoken on the stage and dresses—heaven save the mark—to be worn that when I was a young playgoer would have been roundly hissed off the stage, and the press would have told the manager in plain English he had better remove his obnoxious wares for morality's sake and his own reputation; but now, Sir, all is changed. Let a critic do his work honestly, and call a spade, a spade, down he is pounced upon for heavy damages. Let a right thinking man give a good round hiss at any obscenities he may hear or see at one of the theatres, how soon he would be pounced upon by a policeman and dragged out, and in all probability taken to the station-house, charged with being "drunk and creating a disturbance." Thus, public opinion is stifled to all intents and purposes—but unfortunately the public suffer—they are led astray by the announcement of the "enormous success!"—of the greatest trash ever produced—and pay their money to be disgusted, as I was the other evening—and should have expressed my feelings to that effect, only for reasons just mentioned. So I went home, hoping the day was not far distant when the public would take the matter in their own hands, and roundly hiss the lewd wantonness now exhibited upon our stage, which is undermining our social and moral condition, and which must soon place us upon a footing with the worst city in the world, where the laws of marriage and religion are set at defiance.—

Yours &c.,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

THE WAGNER SOCIETY.

*Apropos of the concert given by this society, the Graphic said:—*

"Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to Herr Wagner's theory of the lyric drama, all true lovers of art must unite in desiring for that theory an impartial and conclusive trial. It says no little for the impracticability of Wagnerian opera that such a trial cannot, in the estimation of Wagner himself, be given with the ordinary resources of a first-class theatre; but that a special edifice, a special stage, and special appointments of all kinds are necessary. For the provision of these things the partisans of 'Future Music' are now interesting themselves, and it is to help on the work that a Wagner Society exists among us, with Lord Lindsay as President. Readers of musical news hardly require to be told that a Festival Theatre is in course of erection at Bayreuth, in Bavaria, and that the summer of next year will witness such a performance of the four operas which make up the *Ring der Nibelungen* as, perhaps, Herr Wagner himself did not dream of. The concert given in Hanover Square Rooms last week was one of a series intended to bring money into the treasury, and also to expound Wagner's music to a public who know very little of it. That the second object will not be so well attained as the first is certain, because the works to be performed cannot be separated from their dramatic connection without serious loss—without, in fact, losing nearly all their significance. Herr Wagner's overtures, no doubt, have a fair chance in the concert-room, but such selections as the bridal music in *Lohengrin*, and Lohengrin's address to Elsa, when taken away from the stage, are placed at a disadvantage of the gravest kind."

MR. GADSBY'S "ANDROMEDA."

The *Graphic* thus comments upon Mr. Gadsby's new overture, produced at the Crystal Palace on Saturday week:—

"A new overture by an English composer was produced at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last. The composer is Mr. Henry Gadsby, a young musician whose works show that to high aspirations he joins considerable ability; and the overture is called *Andromeda*, without, however, having a very obvious connection with the lady whom Neptune so sorely persecuted. But we can afford to consider the title of an overture as a mere fancy designation when, as in this case, the music is good. Mr. Gadsby makes progress in his art, and this latest work has a good claim to be considered his best. The spirit and the dominant style of the music show that the composer has well studied both Beethoven and Schumann, and that he can reflect somewhat of the boldness of the one along with somewhat of the transcendentalism of the other. His themes are tuneful and striking, and if there be, in the working out, slight tokens of weakness, these do not take much from the interest and attraction of the work."

CONCERT AUDIENCES.

The *Liverpool Porcupine*, noticing a recent concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic, thus reproveth Liverpudlian bad manners and bad taste:—

"The fourth subscription concert of the season, on Tuesday last, was badly attended, but, musically speaking, was a successful performance. The names of the vocalists were unknown to fame, and therefore, we presume, with that diffidence which characterises Liverpool audiences, in their own judgment, the majority of the *habitués* of the Philharmonic thought it better to stay away. The usual fatiguing dissipations of the expiring ball season, and the more

material enjoyments of Pancake Tuesday—especially the latter—may have had considerable effect in diminishing the audience. We rather think the latter was the cause, considering the irregularity of the arrivals and the haste of the departures. The overture to *Straussensee*, by Meyerbeer, the first number of the programme, although well played, and of a beautiful and dreamy description, and ill-adapted to cope with the effect of noisy interruptions, was almost lost in the constant scuffle and shuffle of the assembling audience. Again, the overture to Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, equally well rendered at the close of the concert, was simply an accompaniment, *à la marcia*, for the retreating listeners, who must have all been at home by the time it was completed. We would respectfully suggest to the committee the propriety of hiring a barrel-organ or a German band for the purpose of playing the audience in. And we would also allow about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before the last number to give the tasteless and vulgar majority time to run off, and the judicious few, who are possessed of sufficient judgment and good manners, to remain, an opportunity of enjoyment which their respect for the players and reverence for good music deserves."

### A WARNING CASE.

(From "Watson's Art Journal.")

We publish below a letter from Mr. F. J. Molteno, which explains one of those periodical frauds perpetrated upon credulous artists by unprincipled speculators. The situation of Mr. Molteno and his daughters is a very painful one, and we trust the generous sentiment of the profession and the friends of music will respond to this simple but urgent appeal for aid, promptly and liberally. The gentlemen is of the highest respectability, but he is powerless among strangers, and three thousands miles away from his home.

Communications may be addressed to William Hall & Son, who have in the kindest manner consented to act as treasurers. The letter will be read with painful interest:—

("To the Editor of 'Watson's Art Journal.'")

"SIR,—Will you kindly permit me, through your highly-esteemed columns, to make known a case of heartless imposition, by which I have with my family been reduced to a position of the greatest distress and necessity, in the hope that some small benevolence may be extended towards us, by those having the power?"

"I was induced by the persuasions of an adventurer of the name of George Phillips, to come over here from London, with my two daughters, on a six months' musical engagement, and gave up our home, &c., to do so. The result has been that, after having our effects seized for his liabilities here, and suffering every difficulty and privation, he has abandoned us to our fate, in a strange country, with no means or resources to reach England again or maintain an existence here.

"Perhaps by your being so good as to expose this shameful imposition, there may be some who would generously render us some small aid, to enable us to reach London, and try to find some remedy for the extremities we are now reduced to.

"Wm. Hall & Son, music-publishers, 751, Broadway, have kindly offered to act as our referee in the matter, and promote the endeavour, to effect our return to Great Britain.

"Trusting to your kindness in this matter, I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
"1, Washington Square, New York,  
"January 30th, 1873."  
"F. J. MOLTENO."

### REVIEWS.

ENOCH & SONS.

*The Musical Monthly.* A Magazine of Copyright Music. Edited by Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

Our readers know that this extremely cheap and comprehensive serial appears in two editions each month, one containing vocal, the other instrumental (piano-forte) works. The editions for March are now before us, and we find the promise of the earlier numbers well sustained. Among the vocal pieces are an elegant and charming canzone, "Ad una Rondine," in which the facile pen of Signor Handegger appears to great advantage; a characteristic song, "Farewell," by Kücken; a Hungarian song by Gustave Jansen; a composition by F. Wachs, entitled, "Most sweet fancy," and a very pretty, simple song, "Soon will it pass away," by Franz Abt. When we record our deliberate opinion that any one of these works is worth more than the price of the lot, we offer the most eloquent criticism upon their merits, and need say no more. The piano-forte pieces are a Berceuse by Viltack, easy and expressive; an Impromptu, *Atalanta*, by Sir Julius Benedict, which is, in effect, a *moto continuo*, exceedingly brilliant and well sustained; an Allegretto, *Rose Sauvage*, by Baumfelder; a Tarantella by De Kontski; and a Romance, *Espoir*, by Jules Arnould. All these are worthy of attention, and we infer from the spirit shown in the early numbers of the serial that the proprietors are determined to conquer success by offering to the public the best things at a price so low as to seem almost impossible.

BOOSEY &amp; Co.

*The Songs of Scotland.* With new symphonies and accompaniments by J. PITTMAN. The text and melodies edited by COLIN BROWN, Ewing Professor of Music at the Andersonian University, Glasgow.

This volume is one of three which, when completed, will present an excellent and cheap collection of the songs of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Now, however, we have only to do with the characteristic ditties of the "Land o' cakes," and here they are, to the number of 150, beautifully printed, handsomely bound, and ready to be anybody's for a sum so small, that it seems ridiculous. This is almost enough said, because Scotch songs "need no bush." They are general favourites, south of the Tweed as well as north of it, and the public have only to hear of this volume in order to make it their own. But we may not dismiss the collection without doing justice to the completeness and efficiency of its editing. Mr. Colin Brown, an authority on the subject of which he treats, has prefaced the songs with a very interesting essay on the characteristics of Scottish music, and he has also furnished those not "to the manner born" with a useful and much-needed glossary. We cannot too highly praise Mr. Pittman's share of the work. His symphonies, in nearly every case, are well adapted to the melodies, and he has been most successful in furnishing the melodies themselves with harmonies which are at once unobtrusive and appropriate. Some of the tunes cannot but puzzle a harmonist sorely; Mr. Pittman, however, has conquered all difficulties, and the result is one which calls forth well-nigh unqualified praise.

HOPWOOD &amp; CREW.

*Down amongst the Blue Bells.* Song. Written by E. F. Composed by ANTHONY NISH.

This is a simple story of a youth who saw a maiden "Down where the blue bells grow;" who proposed to her on the spot, and on the spot was left standing when that maiden walked away after a decisive "No!" The little tale is well told, and Mr. Nish's pleasant, unaffected music sets it off to advantage. We may add that the song, being in the repertory of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, is furnished with a simply harmonized chorus.

*He Conquers who Endures.* Song. Written by CHARLES DUNPIER, B.A. Composed by ANTHONY NISH.

We have here another "Minstrel" song, but of a didactic rather than a narrative order. Its teaching is unexceptionable, as the subjoined extract will show:—

"Who quells a nation's wayward will  
May lord it on a throne,  
But he's a mightier monarch still,  
Who vanquisheth his own.  
No frown of fortune lays him low,  
No treacherous smile allures,  
King of himself, through weal or woe,  
He conquers who endures."

This is good morality as well as good verse, and we wish it all success. The music is adapted to enforce the poet's ideas without distracting attention from them to itself. Mr. Nish, in fact, has written with studied simplicity, and, therefore, with success.

*A Health to Absent Friends.* Song. Written by E. L. BLANCHARD. Composed by MEYER LUTZ.

YET another of the Moore and Burgess songs is before us, and one demanding special notice if there be anything in names. The charming verses of Mr. Blanchard are always welcome, and here they touch a chord in the human breast which cannot fail of hearty and instant response. Herr Lutz's music strongly suggests the late Balfe's popular effusions in spirit and character. The melody is pleasing and the accompaniments exhibit the taste and fancy of a musician exercised with limits unavoidably restricted. That the song ought to be a favourite in social circles is beyond question.

*Chasing Away.* Song. Written by E. F. Composed by ANTHONY NISH. The verses of this song decidedly fall short of the present "Minstrel" standard. They are faulty in construction, and even in the refrain so often heard—"Chasing away, the billows roam"—there is a haziness which makes the author's meaning anything but clear. The music to some extent redeems the piece. It is well, and, at times, ingeniously written, while the general effect is of a pleasing character.

*The Return of the Exile.* Song. Written and composed by W. MEYER LUTZ.

The title of this song sufficiently explains its subject, and we need only say of the music that it fairly expresses the sentiment of the verses. Not the least effective portion is the chorus, which is boldly and well harmonised, a transition from the tonic (D) to C major, and thence to the dominant seventh of B flat, having a special effect.

*The Other Day.* Song. Words by F. VIZITELLI. Music by W. MEYER LUTZ.

In this case the poet makes a jilted lover sing of his love and loss twenty years after the sad event, when grey hairs are on his head, and the faithless one has the children of another man around her. The circumstances are melancholy, and Herr Lutz's music, as in duty bound, is melancholy also, yet not unmixed with sweetness and tenderness. As a matter of fact, this must be accounted one of the very best songs in the Moore and Burgess repertory. It is written with the taste and skill of a musician, and no musician can hear it without approval and satisfaction.

*Under the Lamp.* Song. Written by FRANK STAINFORTH. Composed by ANTHONY NISH.

A MELANCHOLY contrast is here shown between a group of children dancing on a village green and a drunken fellow who, when a child, danced there himself. Life is, unhappily, full of such contrasts, and there is in Mr. Stainforth's verses the force of truth if not much of a poet's *afflatus*. Mr. Nish's music shows his usual aptness of expression, and we would counsel him to use greater variety of rhythm. He is so fond of the "six-eight" that it is quite refreshing to meet with, as we do in this song, a few bars of "common time."

*Faces vanished like a dream.* Song. Words by FRANK STAINFORTH. Music by MEYER LUTZ.

THIS is a pretty song founded upon a subject with which all must be more or less in sympathy. The music exhibits Herr Lutz's customary taste and skill, and we must specially commend the change from four-four to three-eight time. The idea is a happy one, and very happily carried out.

HAWKES &amp; Co.

*Elegant Fantasia on Rivière's Spring Chorus.* By the Chevalier A. DE KONTSKI.

THE well-known melody from *Babil and Bijou* is here treated in a fashion simple enough to bring it within the means of the least skilful amateur pianist. All the more difficult passages are fingered. No doubt the popularity of the theme will secure a good reception for the fantasia.

*Fantasia Variée for the Pianoforte on Rivière's Spring Chorus.* By Mlle. SECRETAIN.

THIS work consists of a showy introduction, the melody pure and simple, and one variation brilliant enough to satisfy modern taste for that quality. No doubt it is an effective thing in its way.

## CRITICS' VERSUS AUTHORS.

(From the Liverpool "Porcupine.")

THE CRITICS' DEFENCE ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.

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The result of various actions for libel, brought during the last few years against editors and contributors to newspapers, by incompetent authors and actors, makes it apparent that prompt and strong measures must be taken to put a stop to an organized system of intimidation calculated to drive editors and newspaper proprietors to cease criticising new books, plays, and actors. This must be done, or criticism will depreciate to mere puffing. In either case, the absence from the columns of the newspapers of honest and fearless criticism will be a public misfortune, and especially injurious to literature, art, and the drama.

At present, gentlemen of experience, talent, and unblemished honour, who write honestly on new books, plays, and dramatic artists, are liable not only to be grossly insulted and libelled in the newspapers, periodicals, and pamphlets, but to be put to the expense and annoyance of legal proceedings. These actions for libel are very frequently tried before juries totally incompetent to judge of the truthfulness and value of criticism on matters of literature and art. The juries are—as tradesmen—as a rule, prejudiced against anyone connected with journalism.

It is therefore proposed to raise a fund to defend newspapers threatened with actions for libel by authors, managers, and dramatic or musical artists. The funds will also be used, when deemed advisable, to enter actions against such persons who publicly impeach the honour, and maliciously slander, contributors to the newspaper press.

For further particulars apply to the Secretary of "The Critics' Defence Association, Limited," 307, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

## WAIFS.

**HUSBAND AND WIFE.**—The women are instructed in our planet as to the art of pleasing, and the handsomest and most gifted exert themselves to this end. They are required to attend to their personal appearance abroad and at home. The married especially are enjoined to attend to this as much in the presence of their husbands as before strangers. A different custom prevailed in former times, when women, after they had been some time married, thinking that their husband's affection was secured, gave themselves no further care to please him, though still taking pains to appear handsome and fascinating to others. It was for visitors and strangers that the most comely apparel and the most engaging manners were put on; the consequence was, that the husband often preferred the society of those who, in appearance at least, seemed to care more for him than did his own wife. This was the cause of much of the immorality which formerly existed in our world. The example, too, on children was most injurious; it schooled them in deceit and disingenuousness. My laws declare that those, whether man or woman, are dishonest, who wear a behaviour to each other after marriage different to what it was before, for they have gained the affections of their victim by deceit—pretending one thing and doing another.—*"Another World."*

Madame Camille Urso has been giving concerts in New Orleans.

Mr. C. J. Bishenden is announced to appear on the 20th and 21st inst., at the Opera Comique, Paris.

Minnie Hauck leaves the Vienna Imperial Opera House for the Comic Opera. She has signed a three year's contract.

Mr. Augustus Harris, Mr. Gye's indefatigable prime minister, has returned from Milan. Much may be expected.

Mr. Gye, having visited Milan, has left for Naples, and was to arrive in London this week. More may be expected.

A cantata by Rubinstein, founded on Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, has just been published in Leipzig.

Mr. Doucicault, in a speech before the curtain at Washington not very long ago said that, within thirty years, he has written more than 300 dramas.

A new sacred cantata, entitled *Supplication and Praise*, by Dr. Sloman, of Scarborough, is in the press, and arrangements are being made for its performance at an early date.

Mr. Hugh Brennan, the young English tenor, has appeared, under the nom de guerre of Elgo Talbo, as the "Protagonista" in M. Gounod's *Faust*, with great success, at Leghorn. Mr. Brennan was well known about two years ago among the "Wandering" and "Moray Minstrels."

"Mr. Alfred Baylis,"—says the *Midland Herald*—"made a very favourable impression in M. Gounod's song, 'Maid of Athens,' and Sir Julius Benedict's 'The Lord is very pitiful.' Mr. Baylis, we hear, had the advantage of a private rehearsal with each of the distinguished composers."

The Paris papers tell of a duel on a piano, between two musicians. They played for forty-eight hours without food or drink. Having commenced with pieces of a sedate character, they passed on to waltzes, and thence to operatic music. One had played the "Miserere" in *Il Trovatore* five hundred and eighty times, and was commencing on the five hundred and eighty-first performance of that piece when he sank to rise no more. The other was conveyed to the hospital, his life being despaired of, and the four seconds are suffering from mental aberration.

The avidity with which the anti-theatrical audience at Bellew's readings seize upon the purely theatric features is in evidence against them. What they really long for is the theatre. But they don't know it, won't admit it. They look upon Bellew as having been won over to morality because he refuses to wear a wig, and have traps put in the platform; just as they insist that for the organist to play "Le Sabre de mon Père," instead of "Mount Vernon," when the collection is being taken up, is to win a good melody from the devil.—*American Paper.*

Kircher relates the following:—A venerable old priest recited, every night before retiring, the "Litany of the Saints." At the end of each verse a thin, flute-like voice was heard to respond with:—"Ora pro nobis!" The clergyman was old, and no one was admitted into his apartment at so late an hour. The mystified Kircher resolved to see the young sacristan who articulated so melodiously the response, and accordingly he concealed himself one evening in the room of the reverend old gentleman. The hour of prayer having arrived, the aged priest, kneeling before the cross, began to sing the Litany. Presently a sweet, child-like voice answered, "Ora pro nobis!" Kircher looked around him in astonishment, without being able to discover the person who responded, until at last he noticed, in the dim light, a bird seriously perched upon the stick in his cage, responding without hesitation, and in an irreproachable manner, "Ora pro nobis!"

A trio, by Brahms, for piano, violin and horn, was played recently at the evening concert of H. H. Rozsavolgyi, in Pesth, Hungary.

**SOCIAL BORES.**—Mr. Disraeli says, "The secret of success is to be master of your subject." There is also a negative success which betrays no ignorance and prevents ridicule, in not pretending to understand that of which you know very little, and talking dogmatically, and giving advice thereupon, as if you knew all about it. Silence betrays nothing, and listeners are always learning; but assumed knowledge and its promulgation beget contempt. The heedless braying of a certain species of humanity, combining the attributes of the magpie and the donkey, is as destructive to the happy flow of ideas and knowledge worth listening to, from those who have them to communicate, as an organ grinder in the street is to the mathematician solving his problem, or the musical composer working at his composition. There is another variety of this type of humanity with brains too shallow to receive any pleasant impressions from the performance of music. Hence they commence a conversation, or indulge their neighbours with loud remarks, presuming that they appreciate them more than the music they would willingly listen to. I remember on one occasion a specimen of this same genius embracing with avidity the opportunity of the commencement of one of Chopin's charming and dreamy compositions to put coals on the fire, thus making a rattling black diamond accompaniment, never anticipated by composer, performer, or audience. A rising like this may be pardoned from the application of such blisters as these.—*From "Journal and Jottings,"* by H. W. G.

## MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

LAMBORN COCK.—"Arise, my love" (May Carol), by F. Westlake; "He will be there," song, by T. Severn; "Water Lily's Answer," song, by Ciro Pisanti; "Philomel," song, by Henry Guy; "A Transposition of parts of Diabelli's Exercises," by J. M. Muriel; "Two Sketches," for piano, by G. Bainsfather. J. B. CRAMER & Co.—"Foresetta," by Luigi Arditi; "The Haunting Strain," by T. Maas; "Only to meet," by Franz Abt; "A leaf from the spray," by Auguste May; "The Dove and the Maiden," by Offenbach; "Mizpah," by O. Barrie; "The Sailor's Bride," by A. Raimo; "Oh! bella mio," by Arthur S. Sullivan; "The Songs of Wales, Part I., edited by John Thomas.

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